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Emma Page

by

Dec. 6th 1829

"One more question, Caroline," said Mrs Roberts, "and I have done: tell me why you wished to be a Woman?"

see page

London: William Darton 58. Holborn Hill 2 mo. 23. 1824.

A MOTHER'S CARE

REWARDED;

IN

THE CORRECTION OF THOSE DEFECTS,

MOST GENERAL IN

Young People,

DURING THEIR EDUCATION.

London:

WILLIAM DARTON, 58, HOLBORN-HILL.

G. SMALLFIELD, *Printer, Hackney.*

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MOTHER'S CARE REWARDED.

"I WISH I were a woman," said Caroline Roberts, as she sat with a book open before her, out of which she had a lesson to learn. "And why are you in such a hurry to be a woman, my dear child?" said her mamma, who at that moment entered the room. "What new fancy have you got in your head? It was only last night you said you were the happiest girl in the world." "And so I *was*, mamma; but a day makes a great difference in one's feelings." "I know that full well, my love; a few hours even may occasion a serious change in the affairs of this world: but I cannot think that any thing has occurred since last night, to make the wish you have just now uttered at all desirable." "Oh! but a great deal *has* occurred since last night; and what makes it more provoking is, that it

should happen the very morning after a happy day." "My dear child, do tell me what you mean. I begin to fear you really have some cause for uneasiness, and am anxious for you to explain yourself: you know if I *can* remove it, I will."

Caroline till this moment had kept her eyes on the book, the leaves of which she had twisted and nearly torn; but on hearing her mamma say she would *remove* her trouble, and knowing it was in her power, she flew round the table, and in the most coaxing manner entreated she would promise to grant her request. "How unreasonable, my child, to ask me to promise before I know, or can even guess, what you mean to ask! Go to your seat, and then tell me what it is which, in the space of a few hours, has made this great change in your feelings." Caroline, who felt a little foolish at the thought of telling the cause of her grief, and who, like many silly little girls,

often wished for what she knew was impossible, hesitated, blushed, and at last said, laughingly, "Oh! mamma, I will not trouble you with my complaints; it was only nonsense. Pray don't ask any questions; I shall soon forget I ever wished any thing about it." "This is trifling with me, and is what I do not approve," said her mamma. "I shall leave you for a few minutes, and I trust when I return, you will know how to behave yourself." Having said this, Mrs. Roberts left the room.

Caroline was a little girl of excellent understanding, and possessed a warm, affectionate heart. Her natural disposition was good; but the impatience of her temper frequently made her commit faults, for which she was afterwards very sorry. Her mamma was extremely kind and indulgent, but had too much good sense to overlook this fault of temper, which she knew, if not timely checked, would prove a serious evil. She, therefore, never allowed Caroline

to trifle with her, but expected a ready compliance with all her commands. Never were surprise and vexation greater than the little girl's on being left by herself. She felt assured her mamma would be displeased when she heard what she had to say, because *impatience* was the cause of it. However, as she never told a falsehood, she longed for her mamma to return, in order that she might explain all, and ask forgiveness. When, therefore, Mrs. Roberts opened the door, Caroline ran towards her. "Pardon, dear mamma," said she, "the trouble I have given you. I see you are displeased with me; but I hope when I tell you all, you will not be *very, very* angry. You know how much I dislike grammar. There is no other lesson that I mind learning; but the nasty grammar,—I never *can* understand it; and this morning, when I expected to begin translating a beautiful new book I have got, Mr. F. would not let me, until I learned a long piece

of French grammar. This I could not do; and so he went away without letting me translate at all. Was it not very ill-natured of him? He knows I cannot learn it; and I am sure it is *that* which makes him insist upon it." Caroline stopped, expecting to hear her mamma's answer, but she told her to let her know *now* what favour she had to ask. "Only, only, mamma," stammered out Caroline, "that you would allow me to leave off grammar. I know I could learn French very well without it." "One more question, Caroline," said Mrs. Roberts, "and I have done: tell me why you wished to be a woman?" "Oh! cannot you guess that, mamma? Why, then I should have no lessons to learn, neither French nor English; but should have only to dress and pay visits!" Caroline stopped, and looked in her mamma's face, expecting to see her smile at what she had said; for she had uttered the last part of her speech in a playful manner, in order to

excite a smile. But great was her disappointment, when, instead of a smile, she saw an unusual gravity in the countenance she watched, and which gravity she knew proceeded from the displeasure she had excited. She therefore rather timorously added, "You do not answer me, mamma!"

"I am at a loss, my dear child, how to address you," said Mrs. Roberts, "how to tell you, that your conduct has both disappointed and wounded me. The impatience you have often betrayed, and which was at one time evinced on every trifling occasion, I flattered myself was nearly conquered, as you have conducted yourself for some time past in a very becoming manner; and it was to shew I approved of your conduct, that I allowed you to have visitors yesterday. I was pleased to see the attention you paid them. The polite manner in which you allowed them to make choice of the different plays, and the readiness with which you gave up

your own opinion, in order to please the whole party, made me hope that my child had entirely conquered that impatient spirit I have so often, with pain, seen her indulge. But, by the behaviour you have this day shewn towards your French master, and by the very flippant, trifling way in which you speak of spending your time when a woman, you have awakened all my fears. You may think that what you have said, and the way in which you have behaved to Mr. F., do not deserve a serious rebuke. Alas! my child, every trifle becomes a source of joy or sorrow to a fond mother. Therefore, to think for a moment that, after all my care and love, you are in a fair way to make a disobedient child, an ignorant, conceited woman, must give me a pang—a pang which none but a mother can feel."

"My dear, dear mamma," cried Caroline, "indeed you think too much of what I said. I only meant to say, that when I was a woman, I should have

no lessons to learn; but believe me, I should not like to be an ignorant woman. I should like to know as much as you do, and in every respect to be like you, and then I am sure I should be neither ignorant nor conceited. Pray do not think any more of my childish, foolish behaviour; and indeed I will, from this moment, attend to all you, and Mr. F., and all my teachers, say."

Mrs. Roberts knew the goodness of Caroline's heart; she could therefore rely on her word as to the attempt to amend her conduct; nor would she have been so serious in her address, but that she also knew, that to awaken Caroline's love for *herself*, was the only way to make an impression on her. Two years before this period, she had had cause to find great fault with her impatient temper, which had shewn itself not only to those who taught her, but likewise towards her mamma and little sister. On this occasion, Mrs. Roberts had threatened to send her to

school. The idea of separating from her mamma and the dear little Agnes, had frightened Caroline extremely; she had promised amendment, and, except on some trifling occasions, had not shewn any symptoms of rebellion. Her mamma had been her instructress, and anxiously watched her child's improvement, not only in knowledge, but in temper. When beginning to learn English grammar, she had expressed a great dislike to it, and, had not her mamma been very firm in her resolution to make her learn it, would have relinquished it altogether. She had made tolerable progress in this, and likewise in geography, history, &c. In music she had made great proficiency. She had been taught by an excellent master, and, having a fine ear, and a good natural taste, her performance was much praised by all who heard her. Mrs. Roberts had perceived, with pain, that the praises bestowed on her music, made her somewhat conceited. She

was always willing to practise, but not so ready to go to her other studies.

The day which Caroline had called "a happy day," had been passed very pleasantly with her companions, and Mrs. Roberts had been very well pleased with her behaviour. Her mamma's disappointment was, therefore, very great to find her the next day wasting her time in idle wishes, and to hear that she had behaved rudely to her French master. However, on her promising not to relapse, and that she would be very attentive to all her lessons, her *French grammar in particular*, she was promised forgiveness.

"Remember, my child," said Mrs. Roberts, "I never expect a repetition of this conduct. You know I have now engaged masters at a great expense, and I expect that you will profit by their instructions. I have taken great pains with you myself, and know what you are capable of. If I find your improvement equal to my expectations, I shall

continue this method, that I may have the gratification of witnessing your progress and enjoying your society; but if I have reason to find fault with you, particularly if you fail in duty and respect to your teachers, I shall send you to school, where you will be treated properly, but certainly with a greater degree of severity than I can exercise towards you." Alarmed at hearing this threat repeated, Caroline melted into tears, expressed her sorrow, and, having been allowed to seal her pardon with a kiss, went to prepare for a walk.

My young readers may be at a loss to find out the age of my little heroine. I acknowledge it appears rather difficult; as, when first introduced, she wasted her time in idle wishes, extremely like a child of six years old: again, from the knowledge she had attained, she appears rather older. To set you right, then, I will proceed to inform you, that Caroline Roberts was twelve years old; and, for a child of

that age, was not ignorant. She had an excellent capacity, and, as I have before told you, her mamma had devoted much time to her improvement. Caroline had gone on very well since her masters had been engaged, until the last few weeks, when she had behaved rudely to Mr. F. To account for this, I must tell you, that she had lately become acquainted with the daughters of a Mrs. Felton, who had come to reside near them. These young ladies had been in France two years, where they had visited about with their mamma, in order to learn to speak the French language. They certainly did speak it, and very fluently too, but neither grammatically nor with a good accent. They had mixed in different parties, and had engaged a French maid, but had never looked into a French *book*. Mrs. Felton had never learned the French tongue, therefore she could not be a judge of the language; and as her situation in life had not always been very genteel, she, of

course, had not been very choice in the society she had formed. To say her daughters had been in France, would, she thought, be to say, they were *French scholars*. They could dance quadrilles, and make bead purses, therefore they *must* be thought accomplished — and this was all Mrs. Felton desired. She was a very rich widow, kept a handsome house and equipage, and, as she was a well-behaved woman, had contrived to become acquainted with most of the genteel people in her neighbourhood. This she could more easily do in England than in France. She was a better judge of what was genteel in her own country, and therefore not so likely to be imposed on, as in a country where every person was a stranger, the language they spoke unknown to her, and their manners as little understood.

Miss Felton was seventeen, and her sister Ann fifteen years old. Caroline had met them at two or three parties, and was highly delighted with them.

They were dressed so elegantly, and danced so gracefully, that she could think of nothing but the Misses Felton. They spoke French almost all the time she was in company with them; many of the young party were able to answer them, and to enter into conversation with them. Not so Caroline; she had learned French, it is true, but had not been used to converse. And why had she not been used to converse? Because she did not *like French,* and would not take the trouble to learn to speak it. She could read and translate, and with that was content. However, the superiority the Misses Felton gained by their French, made Caroline resolve to take more pains. But then she had heard Miss Felton say, she never learned grammar, and that it was reckoned quite nonsense *now.* No one learned French grammar! All you had to do was, to hire a French maid, and to go to France for a short time. "This is the way I should like to learn French," thought

Caroline. But, as she knew she should neither go to France, nor have a French maid, she was undetermined how to act. At last she resolved to try her French master. He, of course, persisted in the absolute necessity of learning grammar. This made Caroline in a very bad humour; and she answered Mr. F. so rudely, that he left the young lady rather abruptly—telling her, that if the lessons were not learned correctly, he should complain to her mamma. She had not recovered from her ill-humour, when her mamma entered, and the conversation already related took place.

Mrs. Roberts had heard much of the Misses Felton, but had not seen them except at church, where she admired neither their appearance nor manners; nor had she heard from Caroline that they were such favourites with her. But, from some hints she gave, and some new airs she had acquired, Mrs. Roberts guessed that these young ladies were in some degree the cause of the

alteration in her little girl. She, therefore, resolved to call on Mrs. Felton, ask to see her daughters, and judge for herself. She thought it illiberal to condemn without having seen them, yet as the change in Caroline was rather sudden, she could not account for it in any other way.

Before I introduce the ladies to Mrs. Roberts, it may be as well to account for her not having seen them before. Mrs. Roberts also was a widow, of genteel, but not large fortune; and she, therefore, could not mix in very gay circles. Since the death of her husband, which happened about four years before, she had resided in a small, respectable house, situated in the village of D——, in Shropshire. The neighbourhood was genteel, the country beautiful, and, being but a few miles from the county-town, the best masters were readily procured. This consideration alone was a sufficient reason for Mrs. Roberts' residing there, as her children's

improvement and advantage were to her objects of the greatest interest: but, added to this, the clergyman of the village had been the dearest friend of her lamented husband. They had been school-fellows, and had kept up an intimacy ever since, though their professions were very different. Captain Roberts had distinguished himself by his exemplary conduct in all the previous gradations of service, had been raised to the command of an East Indiaman, and had every prospect of accumulating a large fortune, when a sudden illness terminated his life. Mr. Stuart, the clergyman already mentioned, was the first to offer comfort and consolation to the widow. He stayed in London till the last rites were paid his friend, and would not leave Mrs. Roberts till he obtained her promise to spend the summer with him and his wife. As soon as her affairs were settled, Mrs. Roberts set off for D——. She was so much pleased with Mrs. and Mr. Stuart, and the place

where they lived, that she took a house near them, in which she had lived ever since. She had found the good sense and kind attentions of Mr. Stuart of great service to her, both in calming her grief for the loss of her husband, and in directing her in her daughter's education. Mrs. Stuart, likewise, had proved a valuable friend. She had been introduced to most of the gentry in the place, and had found them, in general, intelligent, agreeable people. Many of them had children, with whom Caroline became intimate. *She* had not any particular favourite among the young people, but was on good terms with all; nor had any spirit of rivalry or jealousy arisen among them till the Misses Felton came to reside in D——. Then, all were desirous of being intimate with them; for they gave dances and treats in a manner so different from what they had been accustomed to, that nothing else was talked of. Caroline had met them several times; they had noticed

her very much, and had invited her to two dances. This had turned the little girl's head; for though she could not speak French very well, she could play the piano-forte and dance; nay, she had overheard the eldest Miss Felton say, that if Caroline had but been taught *quadrilles*, she would have been an excellent dancer, and that she played the piano better than any one in D. During the time that the young lady had been thus visiting, Mrs. Roberts had been in London, settling some law business. On her return, she heard much talk of the new-comers; but having only paid her respects to Mrs. Felton the week before she left home, she knew little of them. Since her return, therefore, she had only seen the young ladies at church, but the next day she paid Mrs. Felton a visit.

The young ladies were in the room when Mrs. Roberts was announced. After the usual compliments were over, Mrs. Roberts begged to thank them for

the attention they had paid her little girl. "She is a most delightful little creature," said Miss F.; "I am charmed with her. I do think I shall be able to teach her quadrilles myself, ma'am, if you will allow her to come to me every day, for an hour or two." "And I," said her sister, "will teach her to make bead purses and paper ornaments. Do, ma'am, let her spend every morning with us." "Pray do, Mrs. Roberts," said Mrs. Felton; "it will be a great advantage to her, for my girls speak French elegantly—every body says so. I don't much understand it myself, but every body says they do, and that they are very accomplished. I know they *ought to be*, for they have cost me a great deal of money. I'm frightened when I think *how much*." The young ladies looked displeased, and seemed going to speak, when Mrs. Roberts, who had been wishing to address them in reply to what they had said concerning Caroline, turned to Miss Felton, and

politely declined her offer of teaching her quadrilles. "My Caroline," said she, "has so many lessons to attend to, that I am obliged to give up her learning to dance for this year." "Let her leave off dancing! Oh, ma'am, how cruel! Why she will not be able to mix in society!"

"You forget, Miss Felton," said Mrs. Roberts, "the age of my daughter; she will not be fit to mix in society these four or five years. I intend she shall pursue her studies closely for that time, and then, I trust, she will be a sensible, intelligent girl—an accomplished one I can hardly expect her to be: not that I object to accomplishments; but as her fortune will be very small, I think it would not be right to expend too much in acquiring a knowledge of dancing and drawing, for neither of which she shews much taste. To gain a *perfect* knowledge of her own language and the French tongue, with history, geography, writing, and arith-

metic, will, I think, fully occupy her time. These things I have resolved on her learning. She is fond of music; therefore, as a reward for the progress she had made in her other studies, I allowed her to begin it about four years since; determined that, as long as she took pains, she should continue to learn." "Then I am sure, ma'am," cried Miss Ann, "she must have taken pains, for she is the sweetest performer I ever heard of her age." "She certainly has made some progress," said Mrs. Roberts, "and often amuses my winter evenings." "But as her ear is so good, why not let her learn dancing?" said Miss F. "Do you dislike dancing, ma'am? For my part, I think all the accomplishments in the world are nothing without it."

Mrs. Roberts smiled, and was going to reply, when Mrs. Felton expressed her surprise that Mrs. Roberts should not like dancing. For her part, she would rather her daughters were good dancers than good performers on the

piano. "You mistake me, madam," said Mrs. Roberts: "I do not dislike dancing; on the contrary, I think it essential to a gentlewoman; but as Caroline can dance tolerably well, I think she may leave it off for a year. We are obliged to go to Shrewsbury to take the lessons, and it occupies at least three hours twice in a week; therefore I think it is much better to lay it aside for the present." The young ladies were silent, but their looks betrayed the poor opinion they had of Mrs. Roberts' judgment. After some commonplace conversation, in which the two Misses Felton took their part, Mrs. Roberts rose to take leave. The young people again expressed their wish to see Caroline very often, to which Mrs. Roberts answered, she should certainly call on them.

On her way home, she recalled to herself all they had said, and determined that Caroline should mix with them as little as possible, as she thought they

were very trifling, conceited girls, and by far too high in their notions for her daughter. She plainly saw that it was their example which had influenced Caroline to behave as she had done; and it gave her no small pain to perceive how easily her little girl could be led astray. However, she resolved to break off the acquaintance in such a manner that Caroline should not discover it was done intentionally. On entering her own house, she found Caroline sitting at a table, with a number of papers before her, each of which, upon looking into them, she discovered contained coloured beads. "Oh! mamma, I am glad you are returned," said Caroline. "I am in such confusion, that I know not what to do! I think you can assist me, though." "What is the matter, my love?"

"Why, I have been these two hours endeavouring to make a bead purse, and just as I thought I had finished it, I find I have done it wrong, from the

third row; so now if you cannot assist me, I must begin it all again, and shall not be able to stir this hour or two, for I am *determined* to finish it before I do any thing else." "A pretty determination, Caroline! But of course you have nothing else to do, or you would not have spoken in so resolute a manner!" "Indeed you are mistaken, mamma; I have my French exercise to write, and two *nasty sums* to do before 5 o'clock. It is this that makes me in such confusion; if I had only had the purse to make, I should have got on very well. How I do *hate* arithmetic!" "How shocked I am, Caroline, to hear you speak in this way! The last conversation I had with you, you were expressing your *dislike* to grammar, and now your *hatred* to arithmetic; you surely do not speak what you *feel*, but think, that this pettish manner, these consequential airs, make you appear womanly. The reverse is quite the case, I assure you. You never appeared so little in my eyes,

as since you have behaved in this manner. I am disappointed and vexed. Instead of treating you henceforth as my companion, I must consider you as a mere babe. Latterly I have not seen to the preparing of your exercises or sums; your masters have not made any complaint; and I flattered myself that all was going on well. The silly argument you held the other day about grammar, is the only instance in which you have displeased me for some time; and I hoped, as I endeavoured to shew you the impropriety of your conduct, that I should hear no more of such folly; instead of which, you express your hatred of one of the most useful branches of education." Caroline, who was not in very good humour when her mamma entered, sat in rather a sulky manner, and apparently paying little attention to what she said; but finding that she was much displeased, she burst into tears, and expressed her sorrow—again entreating forgiveness. Mrs. Ro-

berts was so much hurt at the behaviour of her child, that although she would not part from her without pardoning her, she could not admit her into favour so readily as usual. She therefore desired her, if she wished to regain her good opinion, to lay aside the trifling work she had begun, and prepare for her masters, as it was only in that way she could make amends for her misconduct. Caroline promised obedience, and Mrs. Roberts left her.

This good mother felt extremely uneasy when she reflected on Caroline's manner during the last week; each day something had occurred to vex her, and this was so total a change in her child, that she resolved on doing every thing in her power to correct it. The treat that Caroline spoke of with so much delight, had been given as a reward; but instead of continuing to merit the indulgence, she had begun to rebel the very next day. Mrs. Roberts had not seen any thing particularly *unamiable*

in the Misses Felton; perhaps many mothers would have been pleased with the praises they bestowed on Caroline. Not so Mrs. Roberts; she thought it very much like flattery, and was convinced they had said more than they could possibly think. She knew Caroline's foible was, her love of praise, and made no doubt that the young ladies had discovered it. She could not, therefore, have any other than a contemptible opinion of girls who indulged one so much their junior, in this folly. How to break off the acquaintance was her first thought. Were she to forbid their meeting again, it would cause much disagreeable tattle in the village, and make Caroline appear very silly and unamiable to every one she knew: this her mamma did not wish. She therefore determined to keep her daughter close to her lessons, and forbid her mixing with *any* of her young friends until she had made a total change in her conduct —giving as the reason, that she had

partaken of so much pleasure of late, that she had much to do to make up her lost time. The Misses Felton would then have no reason to think they were the chief cause, and no offence would be given. Mrs. Roberts also concluded, that, in a very few weeks, both the mother and children would tire of a dull village, and go to some watering-place, by which time she hoped her child would be much improved.

When Mrs. Roberts told Caroline, that she had determined on her giving up visiting all her young friends until she had made amends for her late behaviour, she felt assured her mamma was seriously offended; and, like a good girl, resolved to submit and be as attentive as possible. All things went on well during the two following months, nor did she evince any impatience, except *once*, when she expressed her dislike to the multiplication table, which she said she *could not learn*, and which she was sure need not be *committed to*

memory. However, on her master's expostulating with her, she conquered her aversion to the lesson, and after this confessed, she did not think arithmetic so *very difficult*.

About this time Mrs. Roberts received an invitation for herself and Caroline to attend a fête which Mrs. Felton and her daughters intended to give in a few days, previously to their departure for the sea-side. As Caroline had been very good, and her mamma knew her intercourse with the Felton family could not be long kept up, she accepted the invitation for both. Caroline was much pleased, and very grateful to her mamma for allowing her to go. She often thought of the expected pleasure, but took care not to slight any of her lessons. At length the day arrived, and Mrs. Roberts and Caroline proceeded to "Belle Vue." Almost every body they knew, was there. All the younger part of the company were to dance on the lawn before the house, as soon as tea was

over; but as Mrs. Felton was a fashionable lady, this repast did not take place till late—so that it was nearly 9 o'clock before the dance began. This was a serious disappointment to many, who very justly thought the finest part of the evening was gone by. Many of the mothers, among whom was Mrs. Roberts, were afraid of letting their children remain dancing in the open air after night had set in, and expressed their wish, that Mrs. Felton would allow the young party to dance in the hall; to which, after expressing her regret that they should think it necessary, she consented. Her daughters were loud in their complaints, and seemed entirely to have forgotten, that they ought to be ready to agree to whatever their visitors wished; nay, Miss Felton was heard to say, she was heartily glad they were going to leave such a *stupid place*, and such *unfashionable, uneducated people*. Caroline overheard her, and could not but think she

was very rude—indeed, much altered; for she scarcely noticed *her* after she first came in. "I cannot imagine the reason," thought Caroline. "She used to say I was her favourite. I cannot think what has made this change in her."

As soon as the music began to play, the whole party were ready to start, and had gathered towards the end of the hall, when Miss Felton desired all but six, whom she named, would sit down. She and her sister then joining the chosen six, she directed the men to begin playing the quadrille she had desired them to learn. The men played; but very indifferent was their performance. The style of music was quite *new* to them; and, though they had practised, they were far from perfect. The ladies, who had been practising quadrilles at their dancing-school, were not quite perfect in *their* part; they had learned them but a very short time, and would not have thought of standing up before company if they had not been

pressed to do so by Miss Felton. After many attempts, the quadrille was obliged to be given up, to the great mortification of the Misses Felton, (who, as they really were good dancers, had hoped they should astonish their country party by the style of their performance,) but to the delight of the rest of the party, who gladly resumed their country dance. But so much time had been wasted in changing the scene of dancing from the lawn to the hall, and in attempting the quadrilles, that they had only time for one dance more; when, after taking refreshment, they were obliged to depart.

Caroline was not much delighted with her evening's entertainment. She had danced very little, and Miss Felton had hardly spoken to her. Miss Ann, indeed, had been rather more attentive; but even *she* had behaved rudely, when, on inquiring how many bead purses Caroline had made, and receiving for answer, "Not one," she, with a toss

of her head, said, "I am sorry I have wasted my time in teaching such a stupid little thing! But, perhaps, you are not to blame," continued she. "I know your mamma is very severe. I dare say she has prevented you, and kept you to your lessons: thank God, *my* mamma is better tempered." Before Caroline had time to say a word, Miss Ann was off; but she had said enough to make Caroline no longer desire her for a friend. To speak slightingly of her mamma, who was so good, so indulgent, was a fault not easily to be forgiven; and, in their way home, Caroline told her mamma what she had heard. Mrs. Roberts was not sorry to find Caroline was hurt at Miss Ann's behaviour; she hoped the disagreeable impression it would leave on her mind would prevent her forming such hasty intimacies in future—nor did she fail to point out the impropriety of such friendships, but assured her, that as she became more acquainted with the world,

she would see the necessity of being choice in selecting her friends.

The remainder of the week passed on as usual with Mrs. Roberts and her family. Caroline received tickets of approbation from all her masters, and read to her mamma with great care and attention. She had very early begun to read English History; indeed, by the time she was eight years old, she could repeat all the most important events named in Mrs. *Trimmer's* History. Her mamma, as a reward, had made her a present of *Goldsmith's* Histories, in four volumes: these Caroline had read through more than once, and as she was always accustomed to make extracts, and likewise write down all the leading facts, she might be called a tolerably good historian for her age. She supposed that *all* young ladies had the same pains taken with them as she had; consequently, that *all* were acquainted with the history of their *own* country at least. She certainly did not

think the Misses Felton were quite so clever as they appeared at the first introduction; at *that* time she had been dazzled by their accomplishments; but she still gave them credit for knowing a great deal more than she did herself. Their age, indeed, authorized her to think so. But she was not aware that *their* mamma had neither the inclination nor the ability to superintend her daughters' education. She had done what she thought her duty — namely, placing them at a very expensive school, where little attention was paid to any thing except showy accomplishments. She had intended keeping them at this school for several years, but finding it was all the *rage* among the fashionable world to go to France, she had, as I have already stated, taken her daughters thither. Had she procured masters for them, and not allowed them to visit with her, they might have come home much improved; instead of which, from having been very early introduced into

society, they returned to England without having acquired one idea beyond dressing, dancing, &c.

Early in the following week, as Caroline was reading to her mamma, Mrs. Felton and her daughters were announced. Caroline closed her book, and rose to receive them. No sooner had the usual compliments passed, than Miss Felton ran towards the table, and, laying her hand on the cover of the book Caroline had closed, exclaimed, "What a beautiful bound book! A novel, I am sure!" Then opening it, she hastily threw it down again, saying, "What a disappointment! I thought it was some new work, and I should have asked you to lend it to me. I quite long to read a new novel. This is such a stupid place, there is no circulating library; I shall be glad when we leave it." "Well, don't fret about that *now*, my love," said Mrs. Felton; "we shall soon be where you will get plenty of amusing books. It is cer-

tainly very odd," said she, addressing Mrs. Roberts, " that there is no library here. It is a great want of spirit not to have one; don't you think so?" " I cannot say I do, madam," said Mrs. Roberts. " Were there to be one, there are not inhabitants sufficient to support it, even should they all subscribe. Indeed, I should be extremely sorry to see any person attempt to open one. It would only corrupt the morals of the young around us, and teach our domestics to idle away their time. I am not an enemy to well-written novels; but, in my opinion, the silly things that are frequently circulated, do much mischief. I acknowledge I would not allow a child of mine to read one, until of an age to distinguish the elegant from the trifling." " Well, I am glad *my* mamma does not think like you," said Miss Ann; " for if she did, we should do nothing but read *history* I suppose, and I *hate* that." Mrs. Roberts took no notice of the rudeness of

this speech, but, turning to the elder sister, said, "I hope you have not so great a dislike to history as Miss Ann? It would be a very ill compliment to suppose you had, at *your age*." "Oh! no, certainly not, I don't hate it, but I like novels better." Then addressing Caroline, she continued, "I suppose you are very fond of it?" "I like it extremely," answered Caroline. "Should you like to travel?" asked Miss Felton. "Yes, indeed, I quite long for it. Mamma says when I am three or four years older, she will allow me to visit an aunt I have, who resides in Scotland. I have a great desire to see Edinburgh, and to visit Holyrood House. I am so fond of reading about Mary, Queen of Scots, that any place in which she had lived, I shall delight in seeing."

"Well," replied Miss Felton, "I am sure you are very moderate in your idea of travelling. Why I should think nothing worth the name, unless I went to the Continent; but I suppose that would

be *too gay* for you!" "Not at all; I should like to go both to France and Italy, but as I know it is not very likely I shall visit either, I do not say any thing about it:—but, now we are talking of France, do tell me what you thought of Calais; I want to go there very much." "Thought of Calais!" said Miss Felton, looking amazed; "why, my dear, I never thought about it—nobody does: we merely landed there, went to bed, and proceeded the next morning to Paris. I don't believe I saw any thing till we reached that dear, delightful place; indeed, nobody ever does. You never hear any one speak of the road from Calais to Paris. No; all that is thought of is, How *far* have we to go? How *long* shall we be before we get there? But pray do tell me, what makes you wish to see Calais." Caroline was almost ashamed to say *why* she wished to see Calais; but recollecting that she had often spoken to her mamma on the subject, and had never heard her express either surprise

or displeasure, she ventured to say, "I am always so interested with the story told of the citizens of that place, and the kind behaviour of the Queen of England, that I should be delighted to walk over the spot where it happened. I should fancy I saw the King and Queen seated in state, and the good Eustace St. Pierre and his fellow-citizens offering themselves as voluntary victims to save their city. But I beg your pardon, I am talking too much; I almost forgot there was any body else in the room." "Oh! pray go on; it is a very pretty tale you are telling. I remember something about it; it was Edward the Fifth, was it not?" "La! sister," said Miss Ann, "why I know better than that! Edward the Fifth died when he was quite a child. I think it was Henry the Fifth. You know we heard a great many things about him when we were in France; but I never can remember the kings' names—there are so many of them."

Miss Felton looked rather foolish at the mistake she had made; she saw, too, by Caroline's countenance, that Ann was not right; she was therefore very glad to see her mamma rise to depart. After many expressions of regret at being forced to go so soon, as they had several places to call at, they took their leave.

Caroline watched them through the garden and shrubbery, and when she had lost sight of them, she still continued standing at the window. At length Mrs. Roberts said, "Caroline, you appear quite melancholy! I had no idea you were so much attached to the Misses Felton. Remember, all your *old* friends remain in D——. You pay them a bad compliment." "I am not melancholy, mamma, nor am I regretting the departure of the ladies; no, I am thinking what a silly little girl I was to be so much pleased with them when they first came hither. How I have been deceived! I really thought they were the most elegant girls in the

world, and knew more than any of my young acquaintance; instead of which, they are quite *ignorant!*" "That you would not long continue to think them all perfection," said Mrs. Roberts, "I felt assured; but before you decide on their being 'quite *ignorant,*' tell me how they have acted, for you to form this opinion of them?" "Why, mamma," said Caroline, blushing, "you may remember they told me French grammar was unnecessary, and *I,* foolish girl, was inclined to believe them; but, thanks to you, mamma, I was not allowed to leave it off—for I have found the advantage of it already. I have more than once heard Miss Felton speak very incorrectly, and the other day I saw a note she had written to Miss Clifton, which was very ungrammatical. She had put the feminine article before nouns masculine and spelt several words wrong, besides making other mistakes which I should not have found out, had I not been learning a grammar lesson

that very morning, by which I readily discovered the errors. And, could you believe, mamma, she knows no more of history than little Agnes does! She positively said, just now, that it was Edward the Fifth who conquered Calais! Nor is Miss Ann any wiser; she declared she thought it must be Henry the Fifth, because she had heard many things told of him in France. I am sure you will agree with me now, mamma, in saying they are *very ignorant*."

"They are certainly not very wise, my child. I have no right to censure Mrs. Felton for the manner in which she has brought up her children, but I cannot avoid saying, she has acted unkindly towards them, though no doubt it has been through mistaken indulgence. She, poor woman, knew not the advantages of education herself, and as she had got through life very well without it, thought she would not overload her daughters with too much learning. She forgot that the age has improved, and that the

young people of the present day, with a few exceptions, are not only accomplished, but well informed. But we will not find any more fault with the party that has just left us. I am not fond of detracting. It is not likely we shall meet with them for some time; in the mean while, let what you have seen of them serve as a warning to you, not to set too high a value on showy *accomplishments*. Always remember that a well-cultivated mind will be a resource when the glare of accomplishments fades before you." "I will always remember what you say, dear mamma," answered Caroline. They then separated, Mrs. Roberts to attend to some domestic concerns, and Caroline to walk out with her sister and the servant.

Mrs. Roberts continued the plan she had adopted for her daughter's education, and was much pleased with the progress she made. Caroline was cheerful and happy, as she saw her mamma was satisfied with her conduct. She

frequently mixed with her young friends in the village, and as the Misses Felton were not there to *show off*, no spirit of rivalry appeared amongst them.

Winter was now drawing on; Caroline had begun to read Roman history, and was delighted with it. She longed every evening for the tea equipage to be removed, that she might commence reading aloud to her mamma. Just at this time a stranger arrived at D——. Charles Stuart, son of the worthy rector, was indeed a stranger. He had been a considerable time absent from England. His fond parents had many times wished to press him to their bosom; but as they knew he must obey the commands of his captain, they forbore to express their wishes. They lived in hopes that the day would arrive when they should again see their son, and they never failed to recommend him to the protection of *Him* who alone can preserve life.

As Charles was the only child of his parents, they had with much concern

observed from his infancy a strong inclination to a sea life. Mr. Stuart forbore to notice this to the boy himself, but took care on every occasion to speak of the pleasure he should feel in seeing him an inmate of the same college in which he himself had been educated; "and, perhaps," said the fond father, "obtaining a prize for a Latin poem!" "I trust my son will follow his father's steps in every thing," said Mrs. Stuart, "and then he will be an ornament to the Church." "I hope I shall be as good as my father," said Charles; "but I don't think I should like to be a clergyman; I would much rather be the captain of a Merchantman." Though Mr. Stuart did not hastily check his son's wishes, he never failed to point out the hardships of a sailor's life, in the hope that it might give him a distaste to it. But it was of no avail. Each year only increased his desire; and a letter Mr. Stuart received from Mrs. Roberts, in which she told him of

her husband's safety, after having encountered very boisterous weather in his homebound passage, was listened to by Charles with such delight, that he could talk of nothing else. The newspapers, too, spoke of the imminent danger in which the ship had frequently been placed, and of Capt. Roberts's great skill in weathering so many storms and bringing his cargo home uninjured. In short, Charles, who was now thirteen years of age, told his father he was sure he never could be happy unless he allowed him to go to sea. His parents perceiving how strongly his mind was set on it, reluctantly gave their consent; and, after some letters had passed between them and Capt. Roberts, the latter desired the young adventurer might be sent to him. He was warmly received by the captain; but, unfortunately, that gentleman's health obliging him to return home, in a very few months after Charles's entering the service, he consigned him to the particu-

lar care of an intelligent and esteemed friend, with whom Charles sailed to the East Indies. He returned to England after an absence of a year and a half, and made a short visit to his parents, who were delighted with his growth and improvement in health. He paid his respects to Mrs. Roberts, who was much affected at seeing him. Her husband having spoken of him in high terms, she felt great interest in his welfare.

During the last four years, Charles had been two voyages to India, and one to Alexandria. He had seen much service, and in all of them behaved so well as to be particularly noticed by his commander. His delighted parents had received intelligence of all that had occurred. His letters to them were written with much good sense; but though he described the difficulties and perils they experienced, he did not mention the high encomiums passed on his rapidly advancing skill. Captain Drummond, however, did not fail to acquaint them

with the value of his nautical science in time of danger, and the propriety of his behaviour on all occasions. It may easily be supposed after this, that it was with great joy they received intelligence of the safe arrival of the Marquis of Huntley Indiaman in the Downs. The next letter told them they might expect their child in a few days. The moment at length arrived when they were once more to behold the object of their fondest hopes. We will pass over the meeting;—suffice it to say, they were all happy, as they deserved to be.

As soon as the parties were sufficiently composed, they proceeded to Mrs. Roberts's, where they were cordially welcomed. Charles, who was now eighteen, was very tall and well-formed; his manners were easy and pleasing. He had seen much of the world, and had profited by what he had seen. His attention to his parents was as dutiful and affectionate as ever. He went round the village to see all his old friends—to

whom he behaved in the kindest manner; in short, he seemed the same warm-hearted youth he ever had been, and was now, as formerly, a great favourite with all.

As his stay at D—— would probably be of some months' duration, he determined to make it as profitable as he could, and avail himself of his father's instructions. Accordingly, he spent his mornings in study, and frequently passed the evening at Mrs. Roberts's, where he was considered so much like a son and brother, that the reading went on as usual. Charles had seen several of the places named in the history Caroline was reading, and was ready at all times to give an account of what he had seen, and to compare the state of those places now with *what* they had been. He had touched at many of the ports in the Mediterranean, and had frequently landed both in Africa and Europe. The information he gave was therefore extremely interesting. Mrs.

Roberts likewise found him a most useful assistant in teaching the use of the globes, particularly the celestial globe. The life of a sailor obliges him to become acquainted with the situation of the stars; and when he explained to Caroline the great use of the compass, she could not sufficiently admire the ingenuity of the man who had discovered it.

This winter proved a most profitable season to Caroline; and never had she passed her time so pleasantly. She could scarcely believe she had been improving both in grammar and arithmetic while making memorandums of what Charles told them, and calculating the distances of the stars; but this had actually been the case. Her mamma made a point of reading the memorandums, and of correcting the language when it required. "This, then, has been a grammatical exercise, my child," said Mrs. Roberts; and Charles had made her find out the distance of one star from another, and of

each from the earth—so that she had become a very ready accountant.—"Well," said Caroline, "I wonder that I ever said any thing against either the one or the other, for I am sure I never was so much pleased with any employment I ever had." Nor had music been neglected. She had practised much, and had made considerable improvement. The French tongue, too, had become quite familiar to her. Charles and her mamma continually conversed in it, so that she insensibly joined them, and could now speak it without blushing or stammering. To her little sister she had been very attentive. Her mamma had always promised that when she became steady and had conquered her impatience, she should instruct Agnes. She had now had her under her care several months, and Mrs. Roberts was quite gratified with the child's improvement. Thus every thing went on to the entire satisfaction of both mother and daughter.

A change was now to take place that could not fail of giving pain to all parties. Mrs. Roberts received letters from her attorney in London, telling her that her presence would be absolutely necessary previous to term commencing. She therefore resolved on taking both her children with her, as she foresaw the probability of her being detained in London some time. Her friends Mr. and Mrs. Stuart kindly offered to take charge of her children, but she declined it. "I feel greatly obliged, my kind friends," said she, "by your offer, but as I wish Caroline to have the attendance of some of the best masters, I think this will be a good opportunity to procure it. Should my stay in London be prolonged till the summer advances, I will request you to let my house; as I fear in that case, the law-suit will not be terminated. I know not how I shall live without your society; I feel, too, that you will miss me and my children; however, I leave you your son, who is

all you could wish him to be." Mr. and Mrs. Stuart's hearts assented to this; but they felt so much at the idea of parting with Mrs. Roberts and her little family, that they could think of nothing else.

Caroline had often wished to revisit London, particularly at the time the Misses Felton were in D——, for she then, like them, began to think D—— a very stupid place—*(such is the force of example);* but now that they were gone, and she had returned to her old pursuits, she imagined no place like D——. The day for their departure was fixed, and Caroline thought she never could be happy when separated from all her old friends. The time seemed to pass much quicker than usual, and when her mamma asked her, while at breakfast, if she did not intend to dedicate that morning to taking leave of her young companions, as they should certainly depart in two days—the time she had fixed—Caroline burst into tears. Mrs. Roberts was not dis-

pleased to see her child capable of warm attachment to her friends; at the same time she did not think it right to allow her to indulge in her sorrow; she therefore tried to rouse her. "I know you are partial to many of your young companions, and that it will cost you some pain to part with them, my child," said she; but you must not allow your tears to flow on *all* occasions. I expected you would have shewn more fortitude. This is the *first* trial you have had; *many, many* may be in store for you; it is therefore necessary that you should begin to shew something like strength of mind."

"Indeed, mamma," said Caroline, "I feel so very unhappy at leaving all whom I know and love, that I cannot help crying. I had rather not take leave of them; it will make me so miserable." "I do not call this behaviour the result of warm or generous feelings, Caroline; on the contrary, I think it proceeds from selfishness—and

must own I am disappointed. I thought you would be sorry to leave many who had been kind to you, but at the same time I expected you would behave properly on the occasion; that is, instead of giving vent to unavailing regrets, you would make a point of calling on your friends, and behaving politely to them. I call your behaviour selfish, because you would rather appear to them, a rude, ungrateful girl, than expose yourself to what you think will give you some pain. What opinion do you suppose your friends will have of you? What an unfavourable impression will you leave on their minds! 'This little girl, to whom we have been so kind,' they will say, 'has left D—— without taking any notice of us. The thought of her London journey has made her quite forget her old playfellows in D—. I did not think Miss Roberts would ever be so unkind.'"

"But indeed, mamma, they would do me great injustice if they said so,"

replied Caroline, "for I love them all very much. I had no idea I should be called selfish for saying what I have; nor did I think it possible that *self* had any thing to do with my feelings; but you have made it appear very different. I now see I should only spare my own feelings, at the risk of giving offence to those whom I would wish to please. I will do exactly as you advise; and as soon as my eyes have lost their redness, will take Agnes in my hand and walk through the village. How fortunate it is that I have a good and kind mother to direct me in every thing! for I am constantly judging wrong." Mrs. Roberts kissed her sweet girl, and commended her for the readiness with which she attended to her counsel; then ringing the bell she desired a servant to accompany the young ladies in their walk.

Left to herself, Mrs. Roberts felt that it required all the firmness she possessed to conceal from her daughter the great

pain *she* experienced at the approaching separation. Mr. and Mrs. Stuart had been so kind, so attentive, ever since her residence in D——, that she must have been ungrateful in the extreme if she had not felt towards them both gratitude and affection. They had soothed her grief when she lost her husband; Mr. Stuart had been the chosen friend of that lamented husband, and this made his friendship doubly valuable. When *he* advised, it seemed the counsel of her husband. On all occasions he had been most active to serve her. It was by his advice, that she had educated Caroline at home. He saw it would be a great advantage to both mother and child,—he was right. The exertion Mrs. Roberts was obliged to make in order to pay proper attention to her child, had roused her from that state of grief into which she had fallen; and the little foibles of Caroline had been so carefully watched and corrected by her fond mother, that

she gave every promise of making an amiable woman. Thus both were indebted to the worthy Mr. Stuart. It is not surprising, then, that Mrs. Roberts should feel regret at parting with so kind a friend. She was unwilling, however, to let her daughter see the extent of what she felt, as it was with pain she saw her too often prone to indulge in excessive sensibility—a feeling which she thought it her duty to check—knowing that it always makes the possessors of it miserable, besides frequently exposing them to much ridicule from the world. On Caroline's return, therefore, she was able to speak to her with cheerfulness.

"I am very glad, dear mamma, I was not allowed to act as *I* thought proper," said Caroline, "for I should not have heard what has given me much pleasure. Do you know, almost all my friends expressed their regret at parting with me! And many of their mammas," added the blushing girl,

"declared I should be quite a loss to D——, and said many handsome things which I cannot repeat. They all confessed how differently they felt when Mrs. Felton and her daughters left the village; but I could not avoid shedding tears when I said 'Good bye;' particularly when I took leave of Louisa Jones. You know we always were fond of each other. Louisa said she should like to correspond with me, and her mamma was so good as to say she was sure it would be of great service to her. I promised, if you would give me leave, I would perform my part very punctually. Will you allow me, mamma?" "Undoubtedly, my love. Louisa is a very good girl, an affectionate, dutiful child—as such, she must be a proper person to choose for a friend. I am glad to find you have selected one so every way unexceptionable. Mrs. Jones paid you a great compliment in saying her daughter would derive benefit from it. However, as she *has* said so, do not disap-

point her; but let your letters be as free from error as you can possibly write them. I feel assured *yours* will be the advantage in this correspondence. I am glad the friend you have chosen is older than yourself; it will make you more cautious in your compositions, than if you were writing to a younger person. But come, my love, we must make some preparations for our journey."

Mrs. Roberts and her daughter were so fully occupied with overlooking, packing up, &c., that it was late in the day ere they thought of taking refreshment; and when they did sit down to dinner, neither was in such good spirits as to enjoy it. This would be the last dinner they would eat in that house for a length of time, and perhaps they *never* might meet there again.—"Many comfortable days have we spent here, mamma," said Caroline, "I hope we shall get as nice a house in London. But the garden! Oh we never can have as good a

garden *any where* else, and in London there are no gardens at all. My pretty rose-trees and honey-suckles, how sorry I am to leave them! I hope the gardener will attend to them carefully: you know I have taken such pains to train the woodbines." "I will give orders to him, my love, to do so; and you will hear of their welfare from your friend Louisa Jones." "Oh! that will be delightful! I began to be afraid I should find nothing to say to her, but I dare say I shall: you have given me one subject already, besides which, I must tell her of all I see in London." "You can," said Mrs. Roberts, "likewise give her an account of what you are learning, as you will have much to say on that subject." "True, mamma; but see who comes here," said she, looking through the window; "it is Charles, carrying Agnes in his arms." Charles entered immediately after, saying he should soon be followed by his father and mother, who were coming to entreat Mrs.

Roberts would join their family party in the evening. "I have promised to spend the whole of to-morrow with you, Charles," said Mrs. Roberts. "You did not know this, perhaps." "Yes I did, ma'am," replied he, "but we shall not meet again for a long time; therefore we ought to be together as much as possible." Before she could answer, Mr. and Mrs. Stuart arrived, who joining their entreaties to those of their son, soon prevailed on Mrs. Roberts to consent. Taking little Agnes in her hand, she walked with the worthy couple through the village, whilst Charles and Caroline traversed the garden over, visited the green-houses and gave strict charge to the gardener to take care of the plants. "And pray, good Richard," said Caroline, "be particularly careful of my woodbines." "That I will, Miss," said Richard, "both for your sake and Madam's. Sorry *I be* to think you are going to leave us." "Thank you, Richard," replied Caroline, I hope we

"And pray, good Richard," said Caroline, "be particularly careful of my woodbines."

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London: William Darton, 58, Holborn Hill, 2 mo. 28, 1824.

shall return by next spring. Good bye." On saying this, she joined her companion and proceeded to the Parsonage. Mrs. Roberts had but just arrived. She had met many in the village who had taken leave of her: she had not had spirits to call on *all* her friends; but the poor, to whom she was always a friend, had run out of their houses on seeing her, to pour their blessings on her head, and to express their grief at losing her. "In all probability, I shall return again, my good people," said Mrs. Roberts, "therefore you need not take this solemn leave of me. Fare you well! God bless you;" and, leaning on the arm of her friend, she proceeded to the Rectory. The evening was passed rather cheerfully than otherwise; the young people were in good spirits, and the prospect of spending the whole of the next day together seemed to give pleasure to all. They parted for the night, Charles promising to call for them by twelve o'clock on the morrow. The

morrow arrived, passed over, and the day of separation came:—the friends breakfasted together.

When the chaise stopped at the door, all but little Agnes looked grave: *she* clapped her hands with joy at the thought of a ride. The parties took leave. The elder ones commanded their feelings tolerably well. Charles was ashamed to be *seen* shedding a tear, but could not entirely refrain from it. Caroline sobbed aloud as she clasped her arms around her good, kind friend Mr. Stuart, whom she loved as a father. The children and the maid being at length seated in the chaise, Mrs. Roberts took a hand of each, pressed them to her lips, and, leaning on the arm of Charles, walked towards the door. Mr. Stuart, however, attempting to smile, said, his son should not supplant him *yet*, and taking Mrs. Roberts's hand, led her to the carriage. When she was seated, he rested his arm for a moment on the window, and saying *Adieu*, *Re-*

member, waved his hand for the postilion to drive on.

To account for the unusual depression of spirits which Mrs. Roberts felt, I must tell my young readers, that a few days before her departure, Mr. Stuart had called on her, and, after some conversation about the business which required her to go to London, and the great probability there was that her return to D—— would not be until a very distant period; he proceeded to speak of himself and family, of the many happy days they had spent together, and of the great loss she would be to their social, friendly parties. He then, after a little hesitation, though with perfect resignation and some degree of cheerfulness, told her, that he felt his health was rapidly declining, and that before another summer had arrived, he should be no more. All his family had died at the age he then was, and he felt certain symptoms which he took as warnings. Upon seeing Mrs. Roberts

much affected at what he said, (though she did not express surprise, for she had with grief seen a great change in his health,) he apologised for giving her pain; but was anxious to say to her what he had long wished, which was, that in case his death happened before her return, she would use all her endeavours to persuade Mrs. Stuart to join her in London.—"In this place," said he, "she will only indulge her grief, and being without your friendly aid, will perhaps soon follow me to the grave; whereas she ought to live for her boy, our worthy Charles, who, although he is at present all we can wish, is at an age to want the counsel of a parent." As soon as Mrs. Roberts could speak, she promised all he asked: adding, "I can never do for *her* what you did for *me* under similar circumstances; but you may depend on my friendship should it be necessary. I most earnestly pray the day may be far distant when I shall be called upon."

Mr. Stuart thanked her, and soon after took his leave. *He* returned to his usual avocations, and his spirits soon became tranquil and cheerful as ever: for he was a truly good Christian, and prepared for the great and awful change, whenever it should take place. Mrs. Roberts could not so soon regain her accustomed ease. Mr. Stuart's *manner*, as well as his *words*, convinced her that he felt much more than he acknowledged, or he would not have spoken to her in the way he had done. When she visited the Parsonage next day, he met her as usual. Mrs. Stuart looked as if she wished to say something, but feared to say what. Mrs. Roberts perceiving it, avoided any private conversation, and thus each of the elder party felt *more* than she ventured to express. Mr. Stuart had been the most lively of the three, the last evening; and even at the hour of parting, he contrived to make Caroline smile through her tears. The word *remember*, uttered by him

in a pleasing, but solemn tone, still sounded in the ears of Mrs. Roberts. She knew it alluded to the promise she had made him; and fearing it might be the last she should ever hear him speak, she could no longer refrain from tears. After indulging her grief for some minutes, she roused herself to speak to her children, particularly to Caroline, who appeared to forget her mamma and sister were with her; she kept looking out of the window as long as the church steeple was in sight, and then falling back into her seat, cried aloud. Her mamma permitted this a short time, and then calling her attention to the objects they were passing, had the pleasure to see her gradually recover her spirits. The road was new to her, the country very beautiful, and, after two days' pleasant travelling, they arrived at lodgings, previously taken for them, in Russel Square.

A day's rest recruited the party; after which, Mrs. Roberts took them

out for a long walk. Caroline remembered many of the streets, and was much pleased at being able to lead her mamma through some of them, on their way home. Little Agnes was delighted with all she saw: she could scarcely pass the toy-shops, they all looked so inviting. They were much tired with their walk, but looked forward to the next day to renew their toil and their delight. The next day was passed like the preceding one. On the third, the attorney called on Mrs. Roberts, and told her it was necessary she should attend at his office for some mornings; there was much business to be done, and no time to be lost, as the trial would take place the following week. Mrs. Roberts was uneasy at being obliged to leave her children, but there was no alternative; she therefore gave them in strict charge to Collins, her servant, with leave to walk an hour or two during the morning, but restricted them to the neighbouring squares. The whole week was spent

in this way. Early in the next, the law-suit was tried, and decided in favour of Mrs. Roberts. By this decision, she acquired a great increase of income, arising from estates in Cornwall and Somersetshire. This could not fail to give her pleasure, as it enabled her to provide handsomely for her children, and to do good to a greater extent than she had hitherto been able. She lost no time in letting her friends, the Stuarts, know what had happened; and they soon replied to her letter, congratulating her on the happy termination of the business. Mr. Stuart added a post-script, telling her, that he was considerably better than when she left. This was intelligence that gave her heartfelt pleasure. "It may not be a lasting change," said she; "but I will not dwell on the dark side of the picture. I will hope that this good man will be restored to us."

Mrs. Roberts had many acquaintance in London, some of whom she highly valued. As soon as it was known she

was in town, they waited on her; but so much had she been occupied with the lawyers, that she had not had time to return any of their visits. The next week, too, she found would be employed in looking over leases and other business, by which her children would be unavoidably left to themselves the greater part of the day. When, therefore, two or three of her friends requested she would allow them to spend a day with each, she readily complied. Caroline and she had had little time to converse together during the last fortnight; when they met, Caroline had something to tell her of whom and what she had seen, and as Mrs. Roberts did not like to check her very natural gaiety, she forbore to give her any lessons, or any fixed employment, persuaded that in a few days, when they should return to their usual occupations, she would find her as attentive and industrious as ever.

The leisure time arrived, but Caro-

line was not quite so well behaved on the occasion as her mamma had expected. She did not see how it would be possible to learn regular lessons now they were in town; they dined much later than when in the country; and, besides, they should have a great many *morning visitors!* Mrs. Roberts was rather surprised to hear her daughter run on in this trifling manner; she had hoped that she never again should have occasion to reprimand her for what she called a very serious fault. She had made such great progress in all she had learned, that her mamma fully expected she would feel the laudable desire to excel; but this could not be the case, or she would not throw obstacles in the way of further improvement. Upon entering into conversation with her, she found that the new acquaintance Caroline had made during her morning walks in the Square, had all agreed, upon her describing the way in which she was educated, that she spent more time in

study than *they* did; that it was not the fashion in London to dedicate *all* the morning to study; an hour or two in the early part of the day, and part of the afternoon, was quite long enough to mope over lessons; their mammas had many morning visitors, most of whom they saw; they had to dress several times in the day; in short, hers was a very dismal life, and theirs was a very gay one. Caroline endeavoured to point out the advantages she possessed in living always under her mamma's eye, and ventured to say, that she thought the retired life she led was by no means dismal; but when she told them she read aloud to her mamma every evening by way of amusement, and that she generally read history, of which she was very fond,—they all joined in saying it was *quite a bore*. At first, Caroline was rather offended; and, instead of going to the Square the next morning immediately on her mamma's leaving her, she sat down to the piano, and

practised nearly an hour; after which she heard Agnes read a short lesson. Her young companions wondered what had kept her so long; and Caroline, afraid of being laughed at, forbore to give the reason, but promised to be earlier the next day. She kept her word the following morning, resolving that she would hear Agnes say a lesson when she returned home; but a succession of young persons coming into the Square, she stayed out much later than usual, and her mamma came home before she had done any thing. Several days passed in this manner; and although Caroline knew she was not acting as she ought to do, she had not the courage to alter her conduct. Not that she felt any thing like attachment to her new friends, but they were elegant, fashionable girls, and she could not bear to be laughed at by them. It is true, she sometimes thought they resembled the Misses Felton; but they were far superior; they never were

guilty of the flagrant faults those young ladies committed; on the contrary, they spoke both French and English very correctly. "It is a pity," said Caroline sometimes to herself, "that they do not talk on some other subjects than plays and books which I never read; it makes me appear as if I knew nothing." Still this little girl allowed herself to be led from the performance of her duty, to appear amiable in the eyes of girls who were almost strangers to her, and of whom she had not the most *exalted* opinion. The want of stability in Caroline, greatly grieved her parent. Without firmness of character, she knew no permanent good could be effected. She saw how absolutely necessary it was to have a constant watch over her, and, above all, to be careful in letting her mix as little as possible with those of her own age, until she herself had an opportunity of judging whether they were fit companions. Caroline was much wounded when her mamma expressed her displea-

sure at the account she gave of the manner in which she had passed her time.

"How many days have you lost, Caroline!" said Mrs. Roberts; "nay, worse than lost! for, in them, you have imbibed notions which will, if persevered in, undo all I have been endeavouring to do. I am persuaded you do not think very highly of the young people with whom you have been associating; but they are what you call *fashionable;* as such, you wish to imitate them. My time has been most unprofitably spent indeed, if a few days are sufficient to overturn the labour of years! I fear you want a more *strict* preceptress than your mother can ever be: unremitting attention is what you *must* have, but which, in the present state of my affairs, I cannot pay you. In another fortnight I must go into Cornwall to settle business for *your* future advantage. I did think either of taking you with me, or of sending you to my friend Mrs. Stuart, where you

might have pursued your studies as heretofore; but you will oblige me to alter my plan entirely." "Oh! dear mamma, what will you do with me? Try me again, I entreat you: you shall find me obedient and attentive. I am sorry, very sorry, that I have offended you; I see my folly, and shall never be guilty of the same again." "You promised the like the last time you seriously offended me; and for a time you kept that promise; but on the first opportunity you have relapsed into your former error. No, my child, I love you too well to neglect any thing that I think will eventually tend to your good. I think it desirable that you should live with strangers. Were I to send you to D——, my kind friend would, I know, pay you every attention; but the same masters would attend you, the same young persons would be your companions, that you have had for several years; all would go on well, no doubt; but should a stranger arrive, a very fa-

shionable lady, *she* would be your chosen friend; all *her* fancies would soon become *yours*. I cannot suppose the eye of a friend would be more watchful than that of a mother, or that her admonitions would have more effect than mine. No! it is the superintendence of one accustomed to the education of youth that you require—one who gives her whole time to her pupils, and who, while she gently and kindly leads you to do what is right, will both reprimand and punish you when you do wrong."

"Then, mamma, you will not take me with you into Cornwall?" cried Caroline; "you are really going to send me from you? You do not forgive me, and I shall never be happy again! I have displeased the kindest mother that ever child had. I cannot live if you send me away; I know I cannot. I shall break my heart," continued she, sobbing aloud. "Your impatient temper is shewing itself again, Caroline," said Mrs. Roberts. "Check it, I be-

seech you, or I shall indeed find it hard to love you as I have done. I thought I had really overcome this fault." "I will be whatever you wish, mamma," said she, "only let me stay *with* you. Oh! this nasty London—I shall always hate it!" "That would be unjust, indeed," replied her mamma. "Remember, London has nothing to do with the resolution I have formed; *you* alone are to blame. The fault you have lately committed is the same as that which incurred my displeasure at D—. *Place* has nothing to do with it. In short, you have proved that I estimated your advancement in knowledge, and your amendment in temper, too highly. I begin to think that your real character will not be known until you live with those of your own age; and as this cannot be the case under my roof, I shall, before I begin my journey to the West, place you under the care of a lady who has been strongly recommended to me, where I trust, my child, you will

evince your love for me by a cheerful compliance with all she commands you."

Caroline could not answer; the idea of separation from her parent was to her so shocking, that she thought it was impossible to survive it; and that separation, too, caused by her own undutiful conduct! Her kind mother did all she could to convince her that she forgave her, but did not attempt to deny, that, had her behaviour been satisfactory, she would have accompanied Agnes and herself to Cornwall. All that Caroline heard, only added to her grief; nor could she be at all reconciled to herself, till her mamma promised that she would not place her under Mrs. Smith's care until the day before she left town. "Thank you, mamma," said Caroline; "give me an opportunity of regaining a *little* share in your love before we part." "Be assured, my child, I love you most dearly, and that the separation will be a most painful one to me, but one to which I will submit, as your future

happiness, I hope, will be promoted by it. I will write to you regularly, and shall expect to hear from you in return. Mrs. Smith has promised that you shall write to *me* without having your letters inspected; thus I shall learn the real state of your feelings, and be some judge of the improvement you make." "Then you have seen Mrs. Smith, and settled all about it? Oh! I have no hope left." "You are right, Caroline; all is settled in my *own* mind. I met Mrs. Smith at a friend's the other day. I had often heard of her. We conversed much about children, and I was delighted with the plan of education she pursued in her family; for I can scarcely call it a school, as she only admits *six* pupils. Her daughter is a very charming, sensible young woman, and assists her mother. Mrs. Smith happening to say she had one vacancy in her family, I begged she would allow me the preference, and I would give her an answer in two days." "I perceive, mamma,"

said Caroline, " that you had made up your mind to part with me, even before you knew how idle and naughty I had been." " You are wrong and unkind to say so; you cannot suppose your idleness had escaped me. On my return home every day, I always went to your desk and books, and to my sorrow perceived nothing had been done. You may remember I gently hinted, that I thought you neglected your lessons, and that I should expect an account of your time very shortly. You promised to be more diligent; but, only *one* exercise have I seen written, and not *one book* has been opened. You practised on the piano a little, but that was to gratify *self*. In short, from what I saw, I was afraid I should find you were returning to your old habits. I determined, therefore, if this were the case, to place you under Mrs. Smith's care. I acknowledge, had I found you had spent your time profitably, I should have taken you with me, as I think seeing different places

is a great advantage to young persons: but it would not do for one who is ready on the very first opportunity to forget all she knows." Nothing her mamma said at all tended to alleviate the sorrow of Caroline; she was obliged to own, that she deserved all she was doomed to suffer.

Much pain as she knew it would cost her to part with Caroline, Mrs. Roberts determined on doing so. Mrs. Smith had described to her the young ladies already under her care. They were just such as she would desire for Caroline's companions. With them as examples, and under the guidance of a woman of Mrs. Smith's good sense, the tender mother hoped her beloved child's faults would be entirely eradicated. She explained to Mrs. Smith the disposition and character of Caroline, with which that lady was not at all dismayed. She promised, if Mrs. Roberts placed her under her care, to be as watchful as a parent over her.—A few days previously to commencing her journey, Mrs. Ro-

berts was informed that a gentleman wished to see her. Upon going into the parlour, she was surprised to find Charles Stuart. They were mutually glad to see each other; but as soon as the first salutation was over, Mrs. Roberts saw that Charles looked sad and pale. On inquiring after his parents, she heard that his mother was well, but that his father had been very ill for some days. "He is recovering," added Charles; "but his countenance is so changed, that I apprehend the most serious consequences. I have thought him declining for some time, and wrote for my leave of absence to be lengthened, which request my captain kindly complied with, and I was to join my ship at Dover next month: but I received a letter two days since, informing me that Captain Drummond was appointed to a new ship, which would sail from Portsmouth in the course of this week; he therefore ordered me to join him directly. I would willingly

have given up the prospect of promotion to stay with my beloved father, but he would not hear of it, and insisted on my obeying my commander's orders. I left home with a heavy heart. Our ship is bound to Calcutta and China. Probably I shall not return to England these two years; and long ere that time, my dear father will be consigned to his grave." Charles stopped, and turned from his friend to hide the tears that flowed from his eyes.

Mrs. Roberts said all she could to comfort the amiable youth, but felt that his fears were too well founded. He brought letters from both his parents, and while she retired to read them, she desired Charles to proceed to the drawing-room, where he would find her children. Mrs. Stuart's letter was full of apprehensions for her husband, and regret that at such a time she was deprived of her next comforts—her child and her friend. Mr. Stuart, in his letter, spoke much of his wife and son; recommend-

ed both to the friendship of Mrs. Roberts, and concluded with prayers for the welfare of all. It was impossible to read these letters without being extremely affected; it was therefore some time before Mrs. Roberts was able to join the young people. When she did so, she found Charles and Caroline in deep conversation. The latter had evidently been in tears. Of this she took no notice at the time, feeling assured she should soon learn the cause. Charles was easily prevailed on to spend the afternoon with them, which was passed in talking of the many happy hours gone by, and the sad prospect that now presented itself. When the clock struck seven, Charles rose to take leave, as he was to set off in the mail at *eight*. He promised to be a regular correspondent, and requested Mrs. Roberts would give him faithful accounts of his parents—after which they parted.

The next morning when they met at breakfast, Caroline told her mamma

she had informed Charles of her late misconduct, and that he had given her a great deal of good advice. But," added she, "he says he does not pity me for leaving you; he thinks it a proper punishment for my misconduct, and I feel it as such. Poor Charles! he who has always been dutiful, is obliged to leave his sick *father* and go to a distant country. He says he is sure he shall never see him any more! My dear mamma, if any thing should happen to you while we are separated, *I* shall never be *happy* again. Charles is obliged to leave *his* parents; but I have, by my own ingratitude to you, separated myself from you." Mrs. Roberts was pleased to find Caroline had a proper sense of her fault, but did not wish to leave her under the impression that she had offended beyond the hope of forgiveness; she therefore told her, that by a steady perseverance in the performance of her duty from this time, she would regain her good opinion.

Caroline was pleased with this assurance: "But," said she, "before we part, mamma, let me tell you one thing, with which you are unacquainted. I have never answered Louisa Jones's letters, and Charles tells me she is quite hurt by my neglect. What shall I do? I love her better than any young person I know, and am very sorry I have neglected her. I often intended to write to her, but always put it off till the next day—and then something or other prevented me." "Thus it ever is, my child," replied her mamma, "with those who neglect their duty for pleasure. I will not say more than I *have* done on the subject of *our* separation, but I must warn you never to forget an *old* friend for a *new* one. I would advise you to write to Louisa immediately; she is too amiable not to forgive. On the contrary, I am sure she will receive you again to her friendship; but never give her occasion to repeat her complaints, for then she will have no de-

sire to be admitted to *your* confidence. She will justly consider you are not worthy the name of friend." Caroline promised always to bear in mind what her mamma said, and, before she came to the breakfast table the next morning, had written a long letter to Louisa.

Mrs. Roberts was employed the whole of this morning in writing letters. It may be supposed that those of the Stuarts were not left unanswered. On joining her little family at dinner, her spirits were rather depressed; for, added to her concern for the friends to whom she had been writing, she had determined to leave town on the next Wednesday: to-morrow, then, she must take Caroline to Kensington, where Mrs. Smith resided. To part with one whom she so tenderly loved, could not but be painful to her; yet she was resolved not to let Caroline see how much it affected her. When they were to retire for the night, she desired they might be called early the next morning. Caroline guessed the dreaded day was

at hand, but as her mamma did not name it, she was silent. After the morning salutation, Mrs. Roberts told Caroline her intention of taking her to school that day. Hearing this she turned pale, but attentively listened while her mamma, in the most affectionate manner, desired she would pay implicit obedience to the lady with whom she was going to reside, and, by a strict attention to every thing she was desired to learn, to give the only proof in her power, of her love to her mother, and her sincere sorrow for having neglected her studies.

It were needless to repeat all Caroline said on the occasion, or how she behaved at the time of parting; suffice it to say, Mrs. Roberts took her to Kensington the same afternoon, where she was kindly received by Mrs. and Miss Smith, who did all in their power to soothe the grief of the self-accusing, heart-broken girl: nor were their attentions thrown away. Caroline was not an ungrateful child; she had some faults, but many good qualities. When

introduced to her young companions, she did all in her power to conciliate their friendship, determining in her own mind to observe which was the most amiable, which the most attentive and obedient, and to make that one her pattern. She soon discovered that they were *all* attentive, *all* obedient, and desirous of improvement—*all* much attached to their governess, and to each other—in short, that they formed one happy family. In Mrs. Smith, she found a kind friend and able instructress, but one who expected an immediate compliance with all her commands. Caroline's duty was pointed out to her; she found she should have much more to learn than she had been accustomed to, and that no excuse would be accepted for the non-performance of her duty. At first, she felt as if she never could get through what was expected from her; but she soon perceived that every hour of the day was employed. Each young lady knew what was expected from her, and

each was desirous of performing it, that she might gain her reward—the *approbation* of Mrs. Smith. That lady was greatly pleased with Caroline, and gave her much praise for the ready attention she paid to what was said to her: at the same time she carefully observed her pupil while engaged with her young friends, as she knew it was in those moments the impatience of temper complained of by Mrs. Roberts would be most likely to shew itself. To Caroline's credit it must be owned, that on very few occasions did she discover it; and at the end of two months, when she was writing her third letter to her mamma, Mrs. Smith told her she should add a few lines to it to convey her approbation of her general conduct. Caroline expressed her gratitude for what she knew would give her mamma pleasure; and assured her governess, that if she could but see *that dear mamma* once a week, she should be perfectly happy.

It is time now to return to Mrs. Roberts, who, in a few hours after

taking leave of Caroline, began her journey to Cornwall. Little Agnes and a female servant were her travelling companions. The little girl, as soon as she could be reconciled to Caroline's absence, became entertaining to her mamma, whose heart felt very heavy. Caroline had always been with her; she was a sensible girl, and by her remarks had often delighted her fond mother; she was of an age too, when she could be made acquainted with many things concerning the present prospect of their affairs. But, on several occasions, Mrs. Roberts had perceived Caroline too ready to set a high value on fortune; she therefore prefered leaving her in the care of the worthy Mrs. Smith, hoping that by her mind being turned to the acquisition of knowledge, she would learn to estimate riches only as they tended to make her serviceable to her fellow-creatures. Had Caroline accompanied her mamma in her excursion, she must have become acquainted with the value

of the estates of which she went to take possession. Of this Mrs. Roberts wished to keep her in ignorance for some time: they promised to be immense, and for this reason she particularly wished it. "Should my child become proud of her wealth, and by that means make an unamiable, unfeeling woman," thought this fond mother, "I should sorely repent having gained possession of it; but by cultivating her mind, and teaching her her duty to God and man, I may hope one day to see her the benefactress of many—distributing blessings on all around her. To see her act thus, and my sweet Agnes following her steps, is all I wish for." On saying this, she pressed Agnes to her bosom. They arrived in Cornwall without any thing material occurring. A gentleman who acted as agent had procured her lodgings, and she proceeded immediately to investigate the business that had brought her thither. She found it must necessarily detain her some time; she therefore determined on paying all

the attention in her power to the education of Agnes; feeling convinced that, even at her early age, habits of idleness might be acquired. But, as she was unable to command her own time while engaged in law business, she took every opportunity of imparting knowledge to the little girl in the course of the conversations they had together. She did not prefer this plan to the regular one she had pursued with Caroline; but as it was the only one she could adopt, she endeavoured to make it as profitable as possible.

Caroline's letters gave her mamma great pleasure: they were neatly written; and, though sometimes expressive of impatience at her long absence, they always concluded with saying, she was perfectly contented with the situation in which she was placed. "I have a great deal to learn," she observed, "but still I find time for all. Every thing here is performed so regularly that I can not only learn all my lessons, but have plenty of leisure—which I chiefly employ in writing to those I love. Yes, mamma,

you will scarcely believe it, but I have become quite fond of writing letters; for besides writing to *you*, which is my *chief delight*, I have a regular correspondence with Louisa Jones. Mrs. Smith is much pleased with *her* letters, and so are all my companions, who long to be acquainted with her." Caroline's last letter contained the foregoing paragraph, which convinced her mamma, that she was both diligent and happy; and this reconciled her to the long separation she was obliged to submit to.

After an absence of some months, during which Mrs. Roberts made excursions into various parts of Cornwall, with which she was extremely gratified, as she had had opportunities of viewing the tin mines, and the very interesting occupation of the fishermen employed in catching pilchards—she turned her thoughts towards London, and had actually given orders about her journey, when a letter arrived from Mrs. Jones of D——, in which that lady informed her of the death of her valued friend

Mr. Stuart. His widow's grief would not allow her to write; but she had expressed a hope that Mrs. Roberts would lose no time in writing to her. At first she was going to comply with the request of her friend; but after a moment's reflection she resolved to proceed to D——, instead of London. "My presence will no doubt be a comfort to the mourner," said she aloud, as soon as the shock she had received would allow her. "I have no other tie in London than my Caroline; *she*, I know, is in good hands; I will hasten, then, to my friend and endeavour to soothe her. It was the last request of him whom she laments; of him who, with the kindness of that Master, whose faithful servant he was, poured the balm of consolation into my bosom in the hour of distress." Full of this idea, Mrs. Roberts gave immediate orders for her departure, and, by five o'clock the next morning, found herself on the road to Exeter;—from thence she proceeded with as much speed as possible, con-

sistent with the strength of little Agnes, who was not able to renew the journey each succeeding day. Several days of course elapsed before she reached D—.

Upon alighting at the house of Mrs. Jones, where she had ordered the carriage to stop, she was met by that lady with much warmth; and, on inquiring after the family at the rectory, she heard that the good pastor had been laid in his grave two days previously, followed to it by the whole parish, which was unanimous in its sorrow for his loss. Mrs. Stuart was confined to her bed by illness. Mrs. Roberts was soon by the bed-side of the mourner, who, by the tender assiduity and care her friend, was, in the course of a few days, so far recovered as to be able to sit up. Grateful for the attention she received, and resigned to the will of Him who had taken her beloved husband from this world to the enjoyment of a better, Mrs. Stuart exerted herself to shake off the melancholy which oppressed her. In a few weeks she regained sufficient strength to enable her to accompany Mrs. Roberts to town, whither she was prevailed on to go, her

son's ship being expected in port; and, as he must go to the India House in consequence of his promotion to the rank of chief-mate, she might have his society for a few days at least—a happiness she could not experience while she remained so far removed from London.

Many were the painful feelings the two friends experienced at leaving D—. Most likely neither of them would see it again; a new rector would soon occupy the house in which Mrs. Stuart had spent her happiest days; with *her*, D—— had lost all its attractions; one spot alone contained her lost treasure; the being she now best loved in the world could not come to D——; she longed to see *him*, to talk to him of the father he had lost; besides, she knew she was obeying the will of that Parent who had taught her not to neglect her duty to the living, nor to indulge in unavailing sorrow for the dead. Mrs. Roberts had her regrets, but she thought only of her friend, whom she hastened from the spot, which, in spite of her good resolutions, she seemed unwilling to quit. They took leave of a few particular friends, and began their sorrow-

ful journey. Mrs. Roberts had written to Mrs. Smith, requesting permission for Caroline to spend some time with her, and had appointed the day for their meeting in Russel Square; Caroline was therefore in waiting for her mamma. The moment the carriage stopped at the door she perceived it, and in a few moments was in the arms of her mother. As soon as she had embraced her and the dear Agnes, she paid her respects to Mrs. Stuart. Caroline had heard of her friend's loss, and had been deeply affected by it. Mrs. Roberts was delighted to see her child: she was considerably grown, and improved in person; her manners were evidently more pleasing, and she shewed so much good feeling in her attentions to Mrs. Stuart, that her fond mother was soon convinced her heart was as kind as ever. A fortnight's residence at home, served more fully to prove this. Not a moment was wasted; she was ever ready to attend her mamma and friend, took pains to hear Agnes read, and yet found time to learn several lessons to repeat on her return to school. —This Mrs. Roberts would not have

The anxiously-desired moment arrived for Mrs Stuart to embrace her son, and she experienced the only pleasure she could now enjoy.

see page 156.

London, William Darton 58 Holborn Hill 2 mo. 23. 1824.

known, (for Caroline made no display of what she did,) had she not by chance looked into her desk. Caroline entered the room at the moment, and received the approbation of her mother with the most lively pleasure. "How different are my feelings now, mamma, from what they were when you last looked at my desk! I do not like to think of that time; my ingratitude was so very great!" "We will think no more of it, my child," said Mrs. Roberts. "I am satisfied your future conduct will gratify my fond heart; your behaviour since I came home has been all I could wish; and Mrs. Smith assures me, you are in every respect an obedient, good girl." Caroline expressed her gratitude, and declared she never felt so happy as at this moment.

The anxiously-desired moment arrived for Mrs. Stuart to embrace her son; and she experienced the only pleasure she could now enjoy. Charles was affected, but his was a manly sorrow; he was not ashamed to weep for the loss of a parent, but he felt himself doubly bound to the one he had left, and resolved to dedicate each moment he could spare from his professional duties, to soothe

her grief. In the short time he spent with her, he succeeded in some degree, and when parting again, she promised to take care of herself for his sake.

Caroline returned to school the day after Charles left. Mrs. Roberts was so perfectly satisfied with the progress she had made there, that she determined on continuing her with Mrs. Smith some time longer. It was a very different mode of education from the one she had always intended to pursue; but she found that different dispositions require different methods of instruction. She had, during Caroline's infancy, laid down a plan, which she thought must eventually prove the right one. She had studied the best writers on education, and had formed her plan on their principles; but on putting it into practice, difficulties presented themselves of which she had not formed an idea. Caroline, she found, was not to be educated on her plan; she therefore entrusted her to the care of one who had found by experience, that no regular system will suit all dispositions. Mrs. Smith watched her pupils with the most unremitting care, and regulated her treat-

ment of them according to the observations she made. One only rule she had with *all*, which was, to make them observe *order;* without that, she knew no advancement in knowledge could be made. Under her care, Caroline became an amiable, accomplished girl; and, at the age of seventeen, when she left school, Mrs. Smith was heard to say, "Caroline Roberts bids fair to be an ornament to her sex." Nor was she mistaken; Caroline was, indeed, a pattern for all females. She became the companion of her mother, to whom she was ever after obedient and attentive, and the kind comforter of Mrs. Stuart, who would often declare, that she loved her equally as well as she did Charles. To her sister, Caroline was the instructress and friend. The plan her mamma had laid down for *her* education, was successfully pursued with Agnes, who made daily progress in every thing she studied. The *true use of riches* was likewise known to Caroline. In her mother she had had the best example. *She* was ever active in doing good, and early taught her child to seek the house of distress or mourning. At the age of

twenty-one, when Caroline became mistress of a handsome fortune, she did not fail to gladden the hearts of many a child of sorrow, which gave her more real joy than the possession of wealth.

Mrs. Roberts and her friend Mrs. Stuart continued to live together, and in the union of their children looked forward to many happy days. Charles Stuart attained the rank of Captain, and, with the consent of all parties, became the husband of Caroline Roberts. They retired to live on their estate in Somersetshire, where they were beloved and respected by all ranks. Caroline did not fail to observe the greatest order, in the regulation of her family. To the observance of *order* she owed much of the knowledge she had attained. Every day convinced her of the truth of what her kind governess had often told her, that "Order in your affairs, is indispensably necessary, if you wish to be either useful to your fellow-creatures, or happy in yourself."

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